

Ham. Why?  
Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarces now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peffence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Ister.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ne that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times. And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. VVhere be your liues now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Ror? No one now to mock your own leering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion 'th' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: so curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not aiot. But to follow him thither with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereo he was conuerted), might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperioll *Cesar*, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, asides; heere comes the King.

Enter King, *Queene*, *Laertes*, and a Coffin,  
with Lords attendant.

The *Queene*, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,  
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,  
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate,  
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,

As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,

She should in ground vn sanctified haue lodg'd,

Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,

Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her;

Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,

Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her

As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her 'ith' earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,

May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)

A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,

When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife;

I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)

And not 'th' aue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

Fall ten times trebble, on that curst head

Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sence

Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,

Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,

To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head

Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes

Beares such an Emphasis? whose phraze of Sorrow

Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

*Hamlet* the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prais't not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;

Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,

Yet haue I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers

Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)

Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't reare thy selfe?

Woo't drinke vp *Esle*, eate a Crocodile?

11e

He doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;  
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw

Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,

Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,

He rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madnesse;

And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:

Anon as patient as the female Doue,

When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heere you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,

The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit.

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,

Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,

We'll put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrude* let some watch ouer your Sonne,

This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:

An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exit.

Enter *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,

You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,

That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,

(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,

Our indifferetion sometimes serues vs well,

When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,

There's a Diuinity that shapen our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,

Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,

Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,

(My feares forgetting manners) to vnscale

Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,

Oh royall knauery: An exact command,

Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons;

Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,

With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,

That on the superuize no leasure bated,

No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:

But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,

Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,

They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,

Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,

I once did hold it as our Statists doe,

A basenesse to write faire, and laboured much

How to forget that learning: but Sir now,

It did me Ycomans seruice: wilt thou know

The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,

As England was his faithfull Tributary,

As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,

As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,

And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,

And many such like Affis of great charge,

That on the view and know of these Contents,

Without debatement further, more or lesse,

He should the bearers put to sodaine death,

Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;

I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,

Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:

Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,

Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac't it safely,

The chaneling neuer knowne: Now, the next day

Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenferne* and *Rosincrance*, go too'r.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment

They are not nere my Conscience; their debate

Doth by their owne insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes

Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon

He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,

Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,

And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,

To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd

To let this Canker of our nature come

In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England

What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more

Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,

That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;

For by the image of my Cause, I see

The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours;

But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me

Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young *Osricke*. (marke.

*Os*. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. Humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to

know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast

be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings

Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-

session of dirt.

*Os*. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,

I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put

your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

*Os*. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is

Northerly.

*Os*. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my

Complexion.

*Osricke*.